

Tokyo Week - Chapters 1-2

by ChibiPan

Category: Dragon Ball Z

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-28 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-28 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:36:45

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,814

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: My first Dragon Ball fic. Chichi concocts a plan to go on vacation. Please Review! *begs* pleeeeeease!! ;P

Tokyo Week - Chapters 1-2

Tokyo Week

Â§ Tokyo Week Â§

Chapter 1:

The Plan

Goku reached behind his head and scratched it as he watched his wife pack her things into a suitcase.

"Face it, we all need a vacation! I know I need one, and you do too, though you may very well not admit it." ChiChi said half-excitedly half-concerned.

Goku stared blankly at the suitcase as he tried to figure out why ChiChi had a sudden urge to go on vacation. He couldn't remember the last time they had a vacation together, as a family, and thought it would be nice, but it puzzled him still how suddenly she took the notion.

ChiChi smiled as she continued to pack her things at a not so hurriedly pace. "He'll see when we get there how much we need this" she mused as she glanced at the picture of Videl and Gohan on the nightstand next to the bed.

She paused for a moment and froze, as Goku sensed the birth of another unexpected plan in her head. ChiChi suddenly ran into the

next room, and literally dove for the phone as she quickly dialed a number.

Goku sat in the chair next to the window of the bedroom, and stared at the mid-day sun. "Now what?" he thought as he heard his wife's slightly faint voice in the other room rambling on too quickly to be processed by Goku's impatient brain. He thought for a moment how nice it would be if Gohan and Videl came along. "I haven't talked to Gohan much lately, and Pan and Videl would love it in.....where are we going?" he silently and solidly mused as his wife continued to speak in the other room.

"OK, we'll see how it goes then. Guess Vegeta can just go or not go!" ChiChi said with an odd sternness in her voice.

"Bye Bulma!" ChiChi then said cheerily as she tapped the receiver and dialed another number as she sat down.

"Videl and Gohan really should come. I'd love to spend more time with Videl, and Pan too....but it may be a mistake inviting Bulma, as much as I would love her to come, her husband is a royal pain...literally." ChiChi giggled inwardly at her musings as she heard a voice through the phone.

"Hello?" said a slightly weary female voice.

"Videl?" ChiChi said trying not to sound too ecstatic.

"Oh, Hi ChiChi!" Videl said with a suddenly changed happy tone in her voice. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," ChiChi started "First of all you and your wonderful husband and daughter can come with me and Goku to Tokyo for a week." ChiChi said, a little hesitantly the more she thought about suddenly calling her daughter-in-law up and basically commanding her and her family to go to Tokyo for a week. Still the impulsiveness of it all made ChiChi want to giggle out loud.

"So its Tokyo we're going off to...." Goku silently thought as he overheard ChiChi on the phone with Videl.

Videl paused for a moment, but then letting her enthusiasm out, "Sure, why not?" she said almost certainly indicating seriousness rather than sarcasm.

"Oh, Videl! Wouldn't it be great though! All of us on vacation in Tokyo...." ChiChi's train of thought began to grow and grow.

"'All of us'?" Videl said, "I guess that means His Royal Pain-in-the-backside_ is coming too." Videl said sighing.

"Oh well, I'd love to have Bulma along, and who knows Vegeta might refuse to go at all and stay home....no one can predict his temperament from one day to the other." ChiChi added.

"I suppose..." Videl said hesitantly "...it would be worth him coming along to have a nice relaxing vacation in Tokyo." she said as the two women spread unseen, but not unsensed grins across their faces.

"I'll have to talk it over with Gohan tonight. HE probably won't care at all having Pan out of school for a week, knowing him." Videl said.

"I guess this is where his stubbornness pays off." ChiChi said giggling.

* * *

#18 stood silently next to the dining room table, except for her foot tapping impatiently awaiting her husband's arrival to eat lunch at home.

She had been preparing the meal hours before her husband was expected to come, just in case he would be late (which he never was.)

She finally sighed and sat down at the table, staring at all the food. The more she stared, the hungrier she got, and her stomach was relieved with the sound of the front door opening and Kuririn announcing his arrival.

"Hello!" he said enthusiastically, walking toward the table laden with food from end to end.

"Hi!" replied his loving wife, who ran over to greet him. Kuririn smiled warmly at her, then turned to the table, noticing the enticing food.

"How are just you and me supposed to eat all this?" he questioned, staring at the what seemed to be endless arrangements of vegetables, sandwiches, and meats.

"Marron's getting off school early today and she'll help out." #18 said with a smile.

"Oh." Kuririn said. "When will she be here? I can't stand to be around all this food for very long without sampling some of it you know." Kuririn said grinning at his wife.

"In about 20 minutes." #18 replied glancing at the clock.

"Well what can we do until then?" Kuririn asked with a smirk.

"Well," #18 said with smile which grew increasingly intrigued at her husbands question as she slowly walked towards him, "We could," she said as she wrapped her arms around his waist, she drew a breath, about to continue her sentence when she was cut off by the sudden sound of a phone ringing.

"Drat." Kuririn said flatly.

#18 smiled and walked to the phone. "We can finish it later." she said with a wink.

#18 picked up the phone hastily, anticipating the end of the conversation before it started, so she and her husband could further their actions.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hi!" Said ChiChi.

"Oh, hi ChiChi! How are you?" said #18, who was indeed glad to talk to ChiChi, she hadn't heard from her in several days, which wasn't characteristic of ChiChi.

"Fine, just fine!" ChiChi said excitedly.

"Why in such a happy mood?" #18 questioned.

"Becuase," ChiChi said, letting out a giggle, "You and Kuririn are going on vacation with me, the kids, and Bulma!"

#18 said nothing for a moment, then laughed out loud. Before she could even begin to list reasons they had to stay, or protest in any way, ChiChi broke in.

"You two are coming, and Marron too! Face it, all of us have been working so hard so long, we really need a break. Its been years since all of us have done anything together!"

#18 began to protest again, but reprimanded herself. "We really do need a break." she thought. "All of us. Poor Kuririn won't stop working, and Marron is worrying herself to death with school, and me....well of course I need a vacation!" #18 thought, silently grinning.

"Well, I'll talk to Kuririn about it." #18 said.

"Oh, please do! And try and get Marron to come, too. I know she needs it, and once she got there she'd enjoy it I know. And that goes for you and Kuririn, too!" ChiChi said with playful sternness.

"Ok." #18 said smiling. "So, Bulma's going, does that mean shes dragging the royalty along for the ride?" #18 said fecitiously.

"Oh, come now," ChiChi said giggling, "Vejita might even end up enjoying it if he'd just let himself."

"Did I say Vejita?" #18 said with a still fecitious tone, but a wide grin on her face.

"No..." ChiChi said puzzled, "You mean Trunks then." ChiChi decided.

"Or Bra, they're all the same. I'm glad they have some of Bulma's good genes too or they'd be a lost cause." #18 said.

"Well, I'll admit I haven't thought much of having them come too, but it'll be good for them, and who knows Vejita might actually spend some quality time with them for once!" ChiChi said insisently.

"Not unless he had a gun pointed to his head!" #18 said, ".....no it'd take a lot more than that." she decided, giggling.

* * *

Videl lay in her bed, thoroughly enjoying an afternoon catnap. She layed peacefully in bed, asleep, until she heard Pan run inside and punctuate her arrival by slamming the front door.

"SCHOOL'S OUT!" she announced almost triumphantly, throwing her arms out as if she was about to hug someone that wasn't there, grinning and skipping, whistling, cheering, screaming, making lots of noise....

Videl withstood a rather rude awakening by her excited daughter, and jerked at her ecstatic squealing in the other room. "Wait.." Videl thought, "...School is out....then I won't have to worry about Pan missing school, and we can go on vaca..." her mind was but off by peaceful slumber.

"School's OUT! School's OUT! School's OUT!!" Pan giggled as she made her way into the den to watch TV, descending to the floor with a loud thud. She found nothing on TV to hold her interest, and try as she may, could not contain her excitement any longer. She stood straight up from the floor, put her hands on her hips, as her lips widened into a grin that only a 9th grader praising summer vacation could make. She held the smile for no more than 2 seconds, then she began to dance, and clap her hands, and snap her fingers, and laugh at herself for making such a complete idiot out of herself in her hyper state of freedom. "At least no one's around to watch me dance like a moron." she giggled to herself.

At almost that very moment, a heavy knock on the front door put an abrupt end to Pan's explosion of joy, and sent her trotting towards the door. Pan nearly swung the door off its hinges, still wearing off the adrenaline her body produced on the last day of school, to find Bra standing at the door, in her special outfit she had picked out the first day of school, for the last day of school, a short, plaid schoolgirl dress, with a plain cotton shirt underneath. "It's a CLASSIC schoolgirl look, what better way to end school with bang?" she had asked Pan when she invited her over that first day of school, that day Pan remembered all too well. And now there she stood, hands on her hips, eyes narrowed, cheeks flushed, an expression of pure, unadulterated teenage rage spread clearly across her face.

Pan stood belittled and almost frightened by Bra's appearance, as she stood frozen, not knowing what to say. "What is WRONG with her?!" Pan thought as she stared blankly at Bra. She kept silent, hoping Bra would just get to the point without her having to say something and break the ice, but Bra said nothing, and looked as if she was growing madder by Pan's silence.

"Wh-what's the matter?" Pan meekly inquired, hoping Bra could hold her outburst until AFTER she explained what was angering her.

"I'll tell you what's the matter." Bra said sternly as she crossed her arms and tapped her foot, expecting Pan to answer for herself automatically. Pan stood motionless as she raised one eyebrow and shrugged.

"WELL!" Bra said angrily, "DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT YOU BRANLESS DOLT!" she shouted in Pan's face. Pan jerked back, and began to get angry herself.

"Always thinking like Vegeta." Pan thought as she sighed and rolled

her eyes.

"She thinks too much like her father." Bra thought as she spitefully glared at Pan.

"Look, I don't know what you are talking about, so why don't you just come in and we can talk things over." Pan said "Calmly.." she added, just before Bra stomped through the door and into the den to sit on the couch. Pan followed slowly behind.

"Well?.." Pan signaled as Bra sighed and looked away from Pan. Her shoulders crouched, and she lowered her head as her lips began to quiver. Her eyes swelled with tears. Pan looked at Bra quizzically, she hadn't seen Bra break down and cry before, and knowing she was on the verge, she didn't know how to react.

"Bra? Bra? Whats the matter?! What's wrong?!" Pan questioned frantically as she shuffled in her seat.

Bra looked up at Pan, tears rolling down her cheeks, and dropping onto the floor leaving the carpet wettened with her salty tears.

Pan searched frantically through her brain, trying to recall something, anything, that could cause Bra to be so upset.

She thought through her day's events, arriving at school, lunch, coming home early from school.....

Then she remembered.

She didn't know exactly what had happened, but it must have been the source of Bra's troubles.

Pan sympathetically lowered her head, saying nothing for a few moments.

"I know.." she managed to whisper.

"No," Bra said, her voice shaking with sadness, "You don't."

Pan suddenly looked up, into the troubling sea of remorse that was deep in Bra's eyes. Bra managed to hold back her tears momentarily, but then collapsed into Pan's unsuspecting arms. Pan jerked back, but then slowly realized she was the only one Bra could turn to when she was like this, besides maybe her mother, who was too busy for her when she needed her the most. "Its not her fault.." Pan silently thought, referring to Bulma. Pan knew Bulma was a busy woman, but couldn't understand sometimes when Bra felt she couldn't go to Bulma to cry. "Vejita surely couldn't be a shoulder to cry on," she thought, "But why not Bulma?" she pondered. But her musings were interrupted by Videl, who heard Bra's sobbing, and softly walked into the room. Videl looked at Pan, looking back at her, Tears now swelling in Pan's eyes too. "What is going on?.." Videl thought as she walked towards the two sobbing girls. Bra looked up, her face and eyes red, and swollen with tears. She wiped her nose with the back of her hand as best she could, and lowered her face into the pillow lying next to Pan, wiping her tears away. She then looked up again, glanced at Pan, then turned to Videl, who was now very concerned. "What could be wrong?" Videl thought "Has something happened to

Trunks? Or Vegeta? Or Bulma? Or.." Videl was lost in thought as Bra reached for Videl's hand. Bra softly grasped Videl's fingers, as Videl looked down in shock.

"Help me, please." was all Bra could manage to say through her eyes, swelling with tears once again.

* * *

Chapter 2:

The Unlikley Partners

Marron slowly walked as she sighed and smiled at herself, just being happy. Pure joy, no more, no less. She had agreed to go with Trunks on a date the following evening, She didn't even know where they were going yet, nor did she care. Simply knowing she would spend an evening with Trunks made her day brighter than usual. "I don't care where we're going," Marron giggled to herself, "I'll be with Trunks, so it doesn't matter. Not at all." she smiled, her blond hair tousled by the breeze.

She stopped at the top of the hill, staring downward at her house, her driveway, her parents' car... "They're home.." she thought solemnly. "Maybe I won't care where me and Trunks are going, but dad will." she thought, sighing. Her head hung down, and for the first time that whole day, Marron was sad. "Maybe they won't even let me go! Knowing them, its possible, for some off-the-wall, stupid reason, they won't let me see him." Marron thought as she hung her head and sighed.

#18 walked to the window, raised the blinds, and looked around the yard, and the road Marron walked home from every day. She slowly glanced around, and saw Marron, head hanging, standing motionless at the top of the hill.

"What's wrong with her?" #18 mused, "You'd think she'd be happy, it being the last day of school and all." she thought, as she sighed and turned back towards the den, and Kuririn, sleeping on the couch.

"Oh well." she sighed, sitting down next to where Kuririn lay, and closing her eyes, she drifted into a light, peaceful slumber.

"No." Marron whispered, almost inaudibly. "No," she repeated, lifting her head high, "They can't stop me. I've waited for him to ask me out since as long as I can remember. I won't let them stop me. I won't let it happen." she thought, finishing her declaration of independence. She took a deep breath, and began to walk toward the house. Marron stepped lightly, happy again, since she had decided she WAS going out with Trunks, with or without her parents' consent. She smiled, and as she reached the foyer, her stomach grumbled. "Man, I'm hungry" she thought, as she slowly opened the door. She glanced around the house, into the kitchen, the den, the living room. She then spotted both her parents, asleep, on the couch. "Great," she thought, "I can sneak to my room and call Trunks, make the plans, and they won't know until the very last minute," she thought to herself, a rebellious smirk spread across her face, "And then they can't do anything about it."

* * *

ChiChi sighed as she relaxed the tension in her muscles, closed her eyes, and sat back in the heavily cushioned chair.

"It'll turn out right, its a vacation after all. But where will we stay? What will we do while we're not....relaxing?" ChiChi pondered as she enjoyed doing nothing at all, which was very rare for her. She figured she could practice some pre-vacation laziness before Goku returned from training.

ChiChi thought only of how much she was going to enjoy spending time with Goku, as a smile slowly spread across her face, and she began to drift into a very relaxing slumber.

Goku sat in the shadow of a large tree, enjoying the breeze. His eyes were closed, but he was awake. "A Vacation.." he thought,"..would be very nice." he thought as his lips curled into an exhausted smile. He continued sitting under the shady tree, relaxing, thinking, until..

His stomach grumbled.

His eyes popped wide open. "I'm hungry..." he thought "...I need food!"

and in an instant he flew through the air, off to his home, smiling all the way.

* * *

Bra frantically grabbed at Videl's sleeve, as she quickly flicked her head to the side to rid her face of the tear that was gliding down her cheek.

"Please, you can't tell them." She said, her voice shaking.

"Tell who what?" Videl asked, calmly as she sat down next to a weary Bra.

"This is going to be a very long story," Bra said weakly, "but I can only tell it once." she said, gazing at her two companions.

"I understand Bra," Videl said softly, "But please tell me what is going on before I begin to get even more worried."

"Me too.." Pan said, forcing a weak smile.

Bra looked at Pan, and forced a smile back. She suddenly remembered all her times with Pan, growing up, and how much Pan really did mean to her. "We disagree sometimes.." Bra thought "..we disagree a lot. But we have enough in common to be really close...she's like..my sister...my dear sister.." Bra thought as she took a deep breath and lowered her head again.

"You may want to sit down, Videl." She said. "This may take a while."

Videl slowly nodded in affirmation as she sat down softly next to Bra, searching through her eyes.

"What is wrong?" Videll whispered.

Bra wiped her eyes, cleared her throat, and began to tell her story.

Her tragedy, triumph. Her love, her hate. Her needs, and her fulfillments. Her friendships, and her enemies.

"It all started," Bra said, her voice now clearer and stronger in recollection, "...as far back as I can remember." she said, staring solidly into nothing.

Videll and Pan watched and listened, cried, laughed, as they took a walk through Bra's recollection of her life, and their own.

Until Bra came to the part that her life story built up to.

"After Oniichan decided to let Trunks take over Capsule Corp., he changed. He changed...so much." Bra said, her emotions and thoughts trailing off as her eyes made their way to Pan.

"And since Trunks changed," Bra continued, "Goten did also. Not as much, but he did."

Videll and Pan thought silently as they waited for Bra to continue.

Bra sighed.

"Pan.." she said, shakily.

"Yes?" Pan replied, softly.

"If it weren't for you, some times in my life would have been hard. Very hard." Bra said as yet another tear made its way down her face.

"Without you...I'm afraid I might not have been able to make it...for me...for him..." she said, as her head lowered once more.

"For him..?" Videll inquired, confused.

"Yes. For him...for him..." Bra replied.

"Who? Who is he?" Videll asked.

"I should have told you so long ago." Bra said, looking back at Pan. "It would have made things so much easier...but I couldn't. I couldn't. I didn't have the courage to tell anyone, especially you...being..." Bra's voice trailed off as the lack of words kept her from continuing.

"Me being...." Pan said, "...Goten's niece." she said knowingly as her head hung low.

Bra's head shot up as she looked on at Pan, tears still streaming down her face, from her reddened eyes.

"How did you know...." Bra inquired unbelieving to what her friend

had just said.

Although, Videl was even more shocked by what she had just heard. "She has a crush on Goten...." Videl thought, dumbfounded. "...she is in love with Goten.." Her mind emphasized the last four words she thought as she recollected the past few years.

"It makes sense..." she thought. "Bra was neglected by her family," Videl thought, "Bulma is always busy, she tries to make time for her children though, and she does somehow...and Vegeta...is...Vegeta...he wouldn't stand for Bra..and..." Videl suddenly realized why Bra was telling her and Pan her secret in total confidence. "Vegeta would....go mad...if he knew..." she thought slowly, but was interrupted by Bra, who stood up from her seat.

She smiled as she motioned for her two confidants to stand up also. They did accordingly, and she reached around their necks, surrounding them in a hug.

"I guess you know my secret now..." she said, almost laughing. "But please don't be mad...I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt you...both of you." she said, squeezing tighter.

"Honey, honey.." Videl said as she stroked Bra's hair. "..it's ok...it's ok...I'm not mad" she said, smiling.

"Me either." Pan said "I've been suspecting this for a while actually...it makes sense, you and Goten...." she said.

"Acutally, just me..." Bra added. "Goten can't love me back. It's impossible." she said soberly.

"Bra, don't say that." Videl scolded suddenly. "That is NOT true. Love is honest, kind, and pure. Impossible, it is NOT, no matter what!" she said sternly.

"But..." Bra said, suddenly dazed by Videl's words. "There are too many...." her brain struggled for a word, ".....complications..." she continued.

"Complications, for love," Videl said smiling warmly, "are merely a distraction for growth and rebirth to take over two hearts." She said, laying her hand on Bra's cheek.

Pan and Bra's mouths slowly hung open, still digesting Videl's words, as she sat down, and so did Bra and Pan.

"You're..." Bra said, "Like...a poet!" she said smiling.

Videl laughed softly, "I guess you could say that, but poetry is honesty." she said. "And that makes what I said the truth" she said, smiling.

"Yeah," Bra said, smiling for the first time since she had arrived at the residence, "I guess you are right."

* * *

Vegeta was in the gravity room training when he heard it.

That...noise...a bang, a clatter, a commotion.

He figured Bulma had dropped a component to one of her little inventions, and payed it no mind.

"VEGETA!" Bulma shouted, making Vegeta cringe hearing his own name being shouted, as if he were to come right to whoever wanted him with a snap of their finger.

"Like I'm some kind of....trained dog!" Vegeta thought, grumbling spitefully.

"VEGEETAA!!!" Bulma shouted again, this time angry. She picked up the plate she had dropped, and continued to furiously scrub the other dishes.

"UGH why can't he just come when I need him! That noise could have been..someone breaking in, and he would pay it no mind, and THEN where would I be??" Bulma thought angrily as she dropped the dish into the sink carelessly and made her way to the gravity room.

Bulma entered the gravity room with her hands on her hips, and determination in her eyes.

"This is going to take some coaxing.." She thought, trying to devise a way to get Vegeta to go on vacation with everyone else.

"Vegeta," she said solidly, "we need to talk."

"About what?" Vegeta replied flatly.

Bulma sighed and approached him from behind.

"About.." She winced, as she knew how he would react, "...we're going on vacation."

Vegeta stopped his vigorous training, and turned around, facing Bulma.

"Woman, no, we are not." he said, staring her in the face.

"Oh, I think so." Bulma said, "And if you don't like it," she continued, before Vegeta could get another word in, "No more Gravity room, no more sleeping in my bed, no more.....ANYTHING!" she said, narrowing her eyes, and grinning spitefully.

"Fine." Vegeta said, non-chalantly, as he turned around and began training again.

Bulma's face grew redder and she threw her fists out, as she turned around to exit the gravity room.

She crossed her arms in decision, as she knew what she would have to do now, if he would not listen.

"Feh, baka. I'll just destroy the gravity room with him in it. He can take it," she thought, almost laughing, "and then maybe he'll actually take my threats a little more seriously." she thought, now grinning slyly.

* * *

Trunks sat at his desk, signing papers.

And more papers. And more papers. And more, and more, and more.....

He dropped his pen on his desk, and sighed as he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"Maybe I'll actually be able to relax and have some fun on my date with Marron." he thought, smiling.

He sat back up, and began to continue signing the papers. Signing, and signing,

over and over.

"I could probably do this with my eyes closed." he thought, chuckling, as his cellphone rang.

"Maybe thats Marron.." he thought, as he took the phone from his waist, and answered.

"Hello?" he said.

"Trunks?" Marron said cheerily.

"Oh, Hi Marron!" Trunks said, his mundane mood partially elivated by Marron's voice.

"Hi! Having a hard day at work?" Marron inquired.

"Like always." Trunks said, glancing at the stacks of paperwork waiting to be done on his desk.

"Well," Marron said thoughtfully, "I guess the more work you do the more relieved you will be to get away from it." she said.

"Yes, I know." Trunks said. "Which reminds me, where exactly would you like to go on our little date?" he asked. "I haven't had much time to think about it, but I'll go wherever you want us to go." he said.

"Well," Marron said, chuckling "we could go to the fair!"

"Sounds good to me." Trunks said. "Hey listen, I really hate to have to go so soon, but I'll call you later, when I get home from work, ok?"

"Ok!" Marron said.

"Ja ne!" She said, hanging up the reciever.

"....Ja ne...." Trunks said, as he hung up the reciever, realizing he was a little late saying his goodbye.

* * *

End
file.